

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music, A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. VI.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

NO. 2.

Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS { BY MAIL, \$2 PER ANNUM, } IN ADVANCE.
" CARRIER, " \$2.50 "

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J. S. DWIGHT,.....EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School Street.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 222 Washington Street.
" GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I.
" DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, per line	10 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, per line	5 cts.
For one column, (126 lines) first insertion	\$12.00
Do	each subsequent
Special notices (headed), each insertion	per line 20 cts.

Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements,

quarterly in advance.

From Chorley's "Modern German Music."

The Beethoven-Festival at Bonn, 1845.

(Continued from last Number.)

But this magically-erected building was not to be reached without something of adventure. For an adventure it was, to travel from Ostend to Cologne, on the 9th of August, 1845. The trials of patience which await the average summer tourist on that most intolerable and worst managed of railroads—the heat, the dust, pressure in uneasy carriages—the stupid incivility of the Belgian officials, the more stupid formality of the Prussian custom-house officers on the frontier—the confusions of many trains from many places meeting at given points, and few, if any, keeping their time—all these pleasant incidents of travel were

doubled in the vivacity of their interest, by their taking place (as it were) in the midst of a fair kept by half the literary men, artistic ladies, and great personages of London, Paris, and the holy Roman empire. To make that day's journey was very like running the gauntlet for a seat in a railway carriage, in the midst of every body whom one had ever seen or heard of. Here might be encountered a group of swan-like English ladies, bending, and bowing, and waiting, and all but left behind because of their politeness, in the midst of whom a well known anonymous *bel esprit* stood enjoying the confusion. There, in the plenitude of ministerial importance, and that touching simplicity which may sometimes be confounded with cool self-assertion, a foreign cabinet Counsellor and diplomatist was seen carrying his own red box in order that he might have the pleasure of studying publicly, in the railway carriage, the rough draft of a Constitution which the aforesaid red box contained. Next would come up, shouting, gesticulating, astoundingly dressed (and some of them esquiring not very dubious gentlewomen,) a troop and tribe of bearded Frenchmen, who were going through the journey with the violence of people to whom any journey, save from Paris to Versailles, was strange. What cigar-smoking was there!—what perpetual introducing!—what screams of surprise when there was nothing to astonish, and of recognition among people who had parted but the evening before! The railway platform at Verviers was that day as fine a place for studying the full meaning of the word "page" as the holiday world has ever presented. As we drew nearer and nearer to Aix, the crowd grew thicker and thicker, more noisy, and worse tempered. Some of us had to rough it for a stage or two on the steps of the railway carriages; some with laps, by Nature meant to hold only one tenant, were cajoled into accommodating two and a half! Some (chiefly French these) had lost their passports, or had come without. And then we had a perpetual incoming and outgoing of the anxious, overworked, distracted officials, set in busy motion by the expected coming of our Queen of England, and the arrival of her Cousin of Prussia at the small palace of Brühl, half way betwixt Cologne and Bonn, to give her welcome to Germany. One or two of the station-houses had already half got into their finery: in many of the tunnels, we rushed through mysterious avenues of green boughs, brought thither to be illuminated when our Sovereign Lady should pass.

I think I never met so many brass instruments—horns, trumpets, *cornets-à-piston*, trombones, *ophicleides*, *saxophones*, and other engines of musical festivity—on a journey, as on that railroad on that day. Even "the Star" at Bonn, swarming like a hive as it was, and all night long as noisy as the stage behind the scenes on the first night of a new pantomime—with its two, three, four, for aught I know, twenty bedded rooms—seemed a harbor of placid, calm and gentle repose, after that frantic day on the Belgian and Prussian railroads.

As to the little dull University town itself, the best description of its aspect in the morning when we woke and walked out, was that furnished by an ingenious guest, who proposed to buy a view of the place, and paint it across with blue, scarlet, and white lines, on a green ground. The buildings were positively covered with flags streaming in the wind, over walls of oak and alder boughs; many of the houses being profusely decorated with rich green garlands; among others, of course, the house where Beethoven was born, a forlorn and grim mansion in the *Rhein Gasse*, the dirt of which looked all the drearier for the furbishing-up. In cradle less fragrant did Genius never see the light. How curious was the illustration of that undying and universal fame, which becomes a fashion with the frivolous, as well as a faith with the sincere, furnished by the stream of pilgrims from almost every country, who thought it part of the show to go and look at Beethoven's birthplace—some with sarcasm, some with tears, the best with silence! This done, the generality of the guests turned into the *Fest-Halle*, to be present at the rehearsal. Of the music performed there, it may be best to speak separately.

After the rehearsal, creature comforts were to be cared for:—and those wonderful dinners at "The Star" for four hundred and fifty people, made too important feature in the week to be forgotten. Two mortal hours and a half long at the least, and managed with a military discipline and exactness that was over-awing by its precision, they live in my memory as among the most singular and pleasant meals of which I ever partook. It will not do to think of the companion in all his prime of life and intelligence and promise and enjoyment,—whose ready sympathy and quiet humor gave a zest to every oddity, and a solution for every inconvenience, and an additional goodness of good cheer to the ample provision made for that monstrous party! He is gone: but forms too vivid a presence in that strange scene to be wholly passed over. I fancy that I now hear the wranglings of the guests as they fought their way to their places,—the screaming mirth of Dona Lola Montez (who had then not be思ought herself of "Bavaria" and was only doing a little promiscuous gambling up and down the Rhine, wherever there was an assemblage of company.) I think I see the observant face of the English divine, who having walked demurely round the table where she sat, ascertained that *Time* had already "thinned her flowing hair," and mentioned the baldness when he came back as a precious fact to be noted. I think I see the gigantic baskets, piled with cannon-balls of reserve bread—in quantity, enough to stand a siege—which somehow, ere the tenth course came, were utterly emptied. I think I hear the peremptory bell, which, as every new course was ready, called out the army of waiters, who returning anon in quick step, charged the tables with some fresh, unspeakable dish; for which, somehow, every one found room (how we did eat in the Rhine Land!) I think I hear how the scene grew noisier and noisier as the banquet

went on:—and how there were greetings from far and near, at the top, and bottom of the table, from lungs of every country, and the clinking of glasses, and the explosion of champagne corks; and, in progress of time, the bursting out of smoke in a hundred places, accompanied by a sudden scraping of chairs as our outraged island ladies made their retreat. Will there ever be such days—ever such dinners again? Of course I believe not: but, in truth, they were mad and strange and noisy and long enough—and, what was wonderful, all the dishes at them were kept tolerably hot!

It was a relief to get out of Bonn, for a morning hour, and to hear the wind roaring among the old fir-trees on the Kreuzberg hill,—and, skirting the ridge of which it forms the last, to refresh the spirits with the delicious view from Godesberg up the Rhine towards the Seven Mountains,—one of the finest landscapes in that lovely and cheerful district. But, after such a lull, the storm set in with a vengeance. Every train and steamer brought its cargo of new acquaintances or new celebrities—every hour its fresh rumor concerning, not merely the Festival, but also the Royal Progress of Her Majesty our Queen, and the gorgeous and cordial welcome which was in store for her. Now it was to be an illumination *a giorno* of the Cathedral at Cologne. Now it was the unparalleled concerts in preparation at Stolzenfels on the Rhine. Now it was a serenade to be given on her reception at Brühl; which may be called a frontier-house belonging to His Majesty the King of Prussia, half way betwixt Cologne and Bonn.

Exhausting as were all these sights, sounds, and screams, coming in such rapid succession, they, nevertheless, had the effect of sufficiently working us up into a due state of excitement for what might be called the consummation of this Festival—the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven in the Dom Platz. The day began with service in the Minster, at which Beethoven's Mass in C, I am told, was finely performed. But my enjoyment was in the scene without, watching the procession which swept across the Dom Platz—a sight such as could not be matched on any other occasion, or in any other country; since not only was it precious and interesting to overlook such a vast gathering of musical celebrities, to see filing past one remarkable man after another whose face bore tokens of thought, labor, and grave participation in the objects of the meeting—but something was to be gathered from the fillings-up of the *cortege*. The German loves dressing up on all occasions, but the German student especially. His every-day protest in favor of Freedom meant (in those days at least) liberty to wear his hair half down his back, and his shirt (if shirt there was) open, so as to show his naked chest down to his waist;—to indulge in coats of the most caricatured fashion—caps the like of which no brother in smoke or beer had ever dreamed of—a cane, or cudgel, no less rudely and curiously devised—and a pipe decked with the portrait of some *Cynthia* tipsily enamelled in all her seductions. But this was a state occasion, to be honored as such in all the triumph of masquerade; and we had barrel caps with dirty feathers, such as may be seen on *Romeo* outside the booth at a fair; and velvet Van Dyck coats, and scarves of all manner of gay colors, paraded on wearers whose fervor was only equalled by their want of cleanliness. The obese, and the sullen, and the spectacled youths that swept into the Minster, truly satisfied with such a precious caparison as I have described, are another feature of that curious meeting not to be forgotten. The procession was closed by a troop of Lancers. At last it wound its way into the Minster, and the doors were shut; and there was half an hour of comparative quiet, and time to breathe—if breathe one could on one of the most oppressively hot mornings of August, that the oldest Rhinelander remembered.

Tennyson has told us how charming it is to listen to music—

"where the sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral."

Even the gradual putting together of the crowd in the Dom Platz did not wholly hinder a part of

the noblest Catholic service in existence from reaching the platform which had been raised round the statue for the accommodation of the spectators. With this interest by way of aid, the time did not seem long. In front of the veiled statue were the female choristers (mostly amateurs,) who had given their services to the Festival:—behind them were the tenors and basses. A reading desk stood on one side of the area, and ranged round the pedestal was a rifle troop, with their pieces loaded; for the Germans must have the baptism of fire on such occasions. One space after another, betwixt the dwarf linden-trees that are ranged in the Platz, filled rapidly with the groups of eager gazers; presently, too, the company from the Minster poured forth. It appeared strange that the musicians were not kept more together, in order that they might form a distinct feature on the occasion; but betwixt bad management on the part of the Committee, and ill-judged self-importance on the part of the guests, it seemed, alas! as if the musicians had come to Bonn for the express purpose of keeping asunder one from the other. Then, a neighboring balcony, flounced and furbelowed for the reception of royal guests, was a great counter attraction to the veiled statue. Time passed:—twelve o'clock approached, and the company began to grow restless. At length, the screech of the steam-whistle on the neighboring rail-road, and the jangling of the loud and the heavy-toned bells, announced that the royal guests had arrived. Almost instantly they appeared in the draped balcony, and proceedings commenced. A brief address was read by Dr. Breidenstein, the chairman of the Committee, from the desk I have mentioned; and then, amid the thunder of cannon, a *salvo* from the riflemen, the pealing of bells, and the cheering of the multitude, the veil fell from around the statue. This was one of the moments of which life has not many, meagre of interest and theatrical as it may seem in description. Many hearts were very full; but amid all the crowding memories and emotions of the scene, some will not forget the expression of Liszt's countenance as he went up to the monument,—the first, as was fitting, after one or two town authorities,—and signed the record of the transaction. I think an expression so nobly and serenely radiant I have never seen on any face. While the signing went on, a chorus was sung; but, as happens with most open-air choruses, the effect was poor—indeed, the music passed unnoticed in the midst of stronger excitement. And there, at last, stood Beethoven—the rugged, afflicted, storm-beaten genius,—placed royally in the town of his birth, by the munificent exertions of another musician, in the presence of a company such as there is small probability of any of this generation ever seeing assembled again.

And there, in spite of all the gibing, and soreness, and scornfulness of the time, will he stand, unless a fit of iconoclasm should break forth; unless the Germans, like the French, amuse themselves with pulling down the effigies they themselves have set up!—It was one of the odd inconsistencies of this singular Festival, that at night, when the whole town was garlanded and illuminated, that dark bronze effigy was left to stand, in the shade of the Cathedral, without bough, or leaf, or light, dusky and grim. Were we to read accidents symbolically, such an end to the day of Beethoven's *apotheosis* might perhaps be felt as not the least significant part of the show.—Enough on the evening in question, the crowd was everywhere else, and the Effigy left in darkness!

In sketching the outward features of this commemoration, before venturing a few remembrances of its purely artistic portion—the music performed—I must again insist, little to the credit of musicians though it be, that the seamy side of artistic life has rarely been so clearly and so coarsely manifest as at that Bonn Festival. It appeared as if some of the guests had come thither with no other purpose than to see the matter fail, and to sneer at the universal discomfiture. A. would not sing. B. (which was almost more annoying) would play. C. wrote anonymous letters to apprise every one that D. was of character too infamous to be allowed part or share in so sacred a

rite. Every one seemed to have set his or her heart on accompanying "Adelaide!" Then what business had Liszt to permit his own *Cantata* to be performed, when E. had his psalm ready, and F. his Hymn of Praise, and G. his choral *symphony* as good as Beethoven's, and twice as difficult? Then H. and I. were spirited away by Meyerbeer, who was accused of fixing the rehearsals for the King of Prussia's concerts at Brühl and Stolzenfels, at the precise time best calculated to thwart the operations of the Bonn Committee. Then the wranglings for place and precedence at the dinner-tables at "The Star" every day!—and the sneers and the slanders, and the confidences in by-corners, and the stoppages on the stairs to relate some new hope of an utter break down—some new story of ill-usage and neglect. It was the plague of Envy, called into open and active life by mismanagement, in its fullest perfection!

[Conclusion next week.]

—
[From the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

"Those Vile Red Walls."

As the color of the walls of the new Theatre has been condemned at the same time as too gloomy and too glaring, I am led to believe that it is neither the one nor the other, but the happy mean which will wear into public favor.

Allow me to say a few words in behalf of this hue, against which there has been such a *cry*.

In selecting the color for the walls of a theatre, reference should be had: first, to its effect upon the whole house; second, upon the audience.

The aspect of the interior of a theatre should neither be so dazzling as to fatigue the eye, nor so severe as to chill the heart of the spectator; the avant scene and ceiling should be light, the box fronts brilliant with gold upon white, and the color of the walls quiet and warm and rich to support the one and give due relief to the other as well as to the audience.

Now, of the three primary colors, yellow, red and blue, the first fulfills neither of these conditions; turning pale in the gas light, it forms a dingy discord with the white and gold, and it imparts a violet tinge to the cheeks of the ladies.

Blue of a light tint is very favorable to the toilettes of ladies in full dress, and the faces of blondes, and in a small theatre, especially where the walls are cut up by high divisions between the boxes, it is gay and elegant. But in a vast hall, where the galleries are very deep, the boxes open, the large blank spaces on the walls would look dreary and chilly in a cold winter's night. It would, moreover, be harder to light than red, and it would not harmonize by contrast with the ceiling and avant scene. Red absorbs less light than blue, has depth of tone which yellow wants, contrasts well with the delicate tints of the ceiling and avant scene, gives due relief to the box fronts, and is a better back ground for an audience dressed soberly, than blue; the only unfavorable effect being that it blanches the cheeks. It atones for a scanty audience, (a consideration not to be overlooked,) and thaws a frozen one by its rich warm hue.

Of the compound colors: pink, which has been suggested, is probably the worst selection that could be made, as it would give a faded air to the house, neither contrasting nor harmonizing with other parts; and as to the audience, M. Chevreul, the most scientific writer on the laws of colors, says, speaking of the walls of a theatre: "To conclude, where the object is to bring out the rosy carnations (a gallant allusion to cheeks,) by means of a colored back ground, the least favorable color is rose, as it renders the skin green, the most favorable pale green." This latter color is probably the best as regards the fair sex, but like blue it absorbs the light too much, and is too cold for our large hall and our winter weather.

M. Cavos, architect of the great theatres of Moscow and St. Petersburg, recommends a sort of crimson or russet, but it seems to me to possess no advantage over the red.

As to neutral tints, is so large a hall, the want of a positive color to dominate over the rest, would produce monotony. In Paris, twenty years ago, some few of the theatres were marbled or de-

corated with painted draperies; most of them were blue. To-day, they are, almost without an exception, red. This result of their experience confirms the theory that, upon the whole, red is the most suitable color, and if this is true where the theatres are small, the walls cut up and divided by high partitions, relieved by draperies, richly carved and gilded wood work, and where the audiences are brilliantly dressed, it is much more so here, for our vast, simply decorated house, with deep and open galleries, and where the company, if the house is to be patronized, will be clad in their street dresses—blanket shawls and paletots predominating over opera cloaks and white cravats.

The real ground for complaint is not the color, but the mode of lighting, which throws the occupants of the boxes into deep shadow; a result to be deplored, but which will be, I think, remedied, when changes, now in progress, have been completed.

Scientific men at Paris and elsewhere have devoted their attention for a century to solving the difficult problem of lighting sufficiently the hall of a theatre without blinding a portion of the spectators.

The first modern theatres were illuminated by numerous chandeliers, which the complaints of the public at last reduced to a central one. This however, dangled in the eyes of all those who sat opposite the stage; an annoyance which was remedied in Italy by raising it above the ceiling simultaneously with the rising of the curtain, thereby affording to all a clear view of the stage which gained much in effect by the dim light of the hall.

"But," says a French writer, "this arrangement would, undoubtedly, be unpopular with our ladies who go to the theatre as much to be seen as to see."

He then suggests a light very like the sun burner we have adopted, and many experiments were made by Lavoisier, Servandoni and others, of spheric reflectors, &c. Locatelli in 1825 tried lighting La Fenice at Venice by a lamp with many jets placed above the ceiling and shining upon parabolic mirrors, which dispersed the light through the hall; which produced a very beautiful effect.

After all, however, the theatres are still lighted in the old way; by chandeliers, or by lamps projected from the box fronts, and it remains for us to furnish the first example of a house so illuminated that all can see and be seen, if the public will be patient.

I will only add to this elongated article that ours is the first theatre in the world where the ventilation of the lamps has been attempted, and whatever defects one may find, all must acknowledge a great success in this respect. DOGBERRY.

REFORMS AT THE GRAND OPERA.—"Spidion," the Paris correspondent of the *Atlas*, writes under date of Sept. 23d:

We have had quite a tempest among the critics, and among the herd of gratuitous play-goers since the Government has taken the management of the Grand Opera in its own hands. It has introduced numerous changes into that great establishment, every one of which will be applauded by the public. All the "free tickets" to the Grand Opera are suppressed, and even the critics of the great newspapers are refused entrance unless they are provided with tickets, as ordinary mortals. No men abused their position more than the musical reporters or critics. They not only forced the manager of the Grand Opera, (they still force the managers of the other theatres,) to give free places to all their co-editors, but all of their acquaintances. Impertinence and favor had given a great many other persons free tickets, who were not in the least entitled to it, and by the prolonged course of abuses, the free list of the Opera came to be swelled up to hundreds. Worse than all, the number of entrées behind the scenes increased in the same great proportion, until at the last the stage was so encumbered it was next to impossible for the machinists and the chorus to work. The public, too, was unmercifully fleeced by the ticket sellers, who at the last had formed a joint stock

company and held boxes by the year in the Grand Opera, whose aggregate annual rent was not less than \$32,000; these leases will not be renewed. The Dames aux Camelias, who have now all the best boxes at the Grand Opera, will not have their leases renewed. And the system of flattering "stars" by presenting their names on the bills in capital letters has been abolished, every actor and actress' name, Crivelli and Caroline, Cerrito and Savel, are all printed alike, and there is no longer any adventitious typographical distinction.

Poems by John Ruskin.

A London Correspondent of the New York Tribune, says:

"Every one is aware that John Ruskin has the soul of a poet, if he does not choose to express it in rhyme and rhythm. But, it is not every one who knows that he has written and published poems. He wrote a prize poem when at College, and contributed many beautiful verses to the Friend's Offering, an annual. Mr. Ruskin has been solicited to collect and publish these poems, but he has declined, on the ground that they do not contain a sufficient justification for bringing them before the public in a book."

ON ADELE, BY MOONLIGHT.

With what a glory and a grace
The moonbeam lights her laughing face,
And dances in her dazzling eye;
As liquid in its brilliancy
As the deep blue of midnight ocean,
When underneath, with trembling motion,
The phosphor light floats by!
And blushes bright pass o'er her cheek,
But pure and pale as is the glow
Of sunset on a mountain peak,
Robed in eternal snow;
Her ruby lips half-opened the while,
With careless air around her throwing,
Or, with a vivid glance, bestowing
A burning word, or silver smile.

MONT BLANC REVISITED.

9th June, 1856.

Oh, Mount beloved! mine eyes again
Behold the twilight sanguine stain
Along thy peaks;
Oh, Mount beloved! thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste,
And reverent desire.

They meet me midst thy shadows cold—
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amidst the desert found;
Such gladness as in Him they felt,
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Oh! happy if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,

And, by the torrent side,

To lead me as he leads his flocks

Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,

In peace untroubled;

Since, from the things that trustful rest,—

The partridge on her purple nest,

The marmot in his den,—

God wins a worship more resigned,—

A purer praise than He can find

Upon the lips of men.

Alas, for man! who hath no sense

Of gratefulness nor confidence,

But still rejects and raves;

That all God's love can hardly win

One soul from taking pride in sin,

And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod

In wrath of old, the Mount of God,

Forgot the thousands left;

Lest haply, when I seek his face,

The whirlwind of the cave replace

The glory of the cleft.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,

Lest I, in all Thy blood has bought,

Least honorable he;

And this, that moves me to condemn,

Be rather want of love for them,

Than jealousy for Thee.

Diary Abroad.—No. I.

BERLIN, Sept. 4, 1854.

Two weeks in Berlin, and cut off from all the music! Patience! You remember the history of the venerable Job, the man of the termagant wife, and who acquired such a reputation for taking it easy, let come what would come?

Yes.

Well now, suppose a case. Suppose that the said Job had been hungering and thirsting for an Opera for more than three years, (the miserable humbug performances by which the Americans are gulled into the belief that they have heard and seen opera having served only to whet the appetite), and that circumstances had led him unexpectedly to a city containing an opera in some respects the best appointed in Europe and, taken all in all, inferior to none. Suppose that during his two weeks stay there the "Fairy Lake" and "Masaniello" by Auber, the "Prophet" by Meyerbeer, and *Don Juan* are given in all their pomp and glory; while at a finely appointed summer theatre such smaller affairs as *Sonnambula*, *Preciosa* with Weber's music and the like are performing daily; suppose further, that there is a regular weekly concert at which among the symphonies is Beethoven's *Ninth*, which the said Job had been for years vainly trying to hear; and that this is a fair specimen of the programmes; that during the whole time he had been confined close prisoner to his chamber and yet had taken it easy and not grumbled once—what would you think?

Think! That the man had no more ear for music than one of his own "thousand she-asses"!

Sept. 9.—At last!

Music once more. Dr. Meyer has removed the interdict, and as it draws towards evening, lo, Job wending his way again after three years and a half to the shrine of Hennig, whose high priest is Liebig. Up Louisestrasse to the New Gate, and thence along Invaliden to Schaussee Str., where we met the stream of people coming from the city direct, on their weekly pilgrimage. There is Grosswater with two or three generations passing slowly along; there that young artist, who is always there with his lady love, and a select party just large enough to fill the table which is reserved for them—they need not hurry; here go rushing by us half a dozen students, who are afraid of not getting seats, there a mother and her daughters; and so the sidewalk is quite filled with respectable looking people of various ranks and conditions of the middle classes.

How familiar the red doorway with a large bill on each post, announcing in big letters the last *Sinfonie-Concert* of the summer series of C. Liebig! Whom have we upon the list? Von Weber, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven. Truly a very respectable array of names! As we pass in there stands the servant in the recess, ready to take our hats and other superfluities, if we wish. We ascend the half dozen steps to the *Casino*.

What! five groschen? Double price—12½ cents!

Yes, for the summer series of weekly concerts the price has been necessarily raised.

No killing price, considering the programme. How they are crowding in! What a noise and bustle, and buzz of voices—waiters rushing back and forth, with coffee and beer and *schnaps* and *butter-brot-belegt*, and *Kuchen*, and what not to eat and drink. Our old table where, four years since, in the arch between the upper and lower floor—by which we were elevated just to the level of the heads of those below—we were sometimes a dozen or fifteen Americans, is already mostly taken by a set of students apparently. But there are seats at the table directly beneath, where the man with the wig and those three young fellows used to sit and smoke in perfect silence all through the concert. They have all disappeared—we will take their places. Seats secure, I must look about the hall consecrated by so many delicious recollections of musical delights. It is a triple hall, huge arches and open windows connecting them. At one end of the central room is the stage or orchestra; at the other the entrance room already spoken of as a few feet above the main floor, and opening upon it with three huge arches. All these apartments are now crowded with tables, around which stand the chairs, fast filling.

There stands Liebig, who has just come in, tall, erect and soldierly—he is an army music director,—his head

has become grayer, but his friendly black eyes sparkle as they fall upon me, and after a moment's thought he offers his hand with, "What, the American here again! And so you have come back to old Germany once more."

"Yes, Herr Liebig, and it would be no easy matter to express the pleasure it gives me to be here once more."

"Thank you, I feel much flattered. Do you stay any time?"

"Not now; but hope in the winter to take the old place again."

"Yes, in that archway—there is where your countrymen used to sit. They have a great feeling for music!"

The fat waiter too—he, who being somewhat bald, used to comb his hair so tight as to render winking a clumsy operation, and does so still—he politely enquires if I am not the gentleman who used to come here some four years since and sit up there with all those Americans? Whereat I feel so flattered as to give him two orders for *butter-brot* and "roast-calf" as they call it (*kalbsraten*) in the course of the concert, at an expense of ninepence, N. E. currency.

And now as the orchestra begins to assemble, let's see if there are any familiar faces. At our old table all are strange faces. The Rechnungs-Rath's pleasant face is not there. Herr von Bulow—whom I saw the other day at Schneider's—is no longer in the old place, ready to beat time until poor Veda and I go raving distracted, at which Agindos laughs and shrugs up his shoulders; and the place that always knew the little old gentleman, who trembled with age, but was always jolly, and told us funny stories between whiles which we could not understand—and therefore laughed at heartily—knows him no more—forever? Of course three years and a half must change an audience, even in Germany, where things in general know no alteration from generation to generation—but I did expect to see certain familiar faces. However it is the time when multitudes are out of the city, and perhaps in winter 'twill be different.

Ah, there is the fat and excellent flutist—thicker than ever—but the table where his womenkind—mother and sisters, you see it in their looks—used to sit, is occupied by strangers. I declare, there is his mother in the other hall—where are the sisters? But it would matter little who are here and who are away, could I but see Agindos stroking his heavy beard there in the arch, and the Veda sitting mute like a statue of Roland of the Fairface, in the little round chair in the corner. Thanks to Apollo, no outside barbarian has thought to fill that place!

What a racket! The idea of hearing music here! The orchestra is ready; many of the old faces are there, and look about the room as if this was merely a family party—quite a large one to be sure, and with quite a number of guests, who have not yet been introduced. They there to make music for pay? humbug. They play because they love it, and because their friends love it, and it is pleasanter that each contribute his mite, and that in this manner a sort of pic-nic affair is made of it. And that all these friends do enjoy it is clear enough from the noise and confusion they are making with their pleasant voices—for the women folks find their sewing and knitting no hindrance to mirth and gaiety.

Liebig rises and taps lightly upon his music stand.

"Hush, sh! sh! ss! ss! schweig! still! sh-h-h-h!"—all over the room. In ten seconds the last chair has hitched, the last cup rattled; the little children—and there are numbers of them—have straightened themselves up in their chairs and "sit pretty;" that beau has broken short off in what he was saying to Fraulein, and has stopped his mouth with a cigar; and amidst universal silence, almost startling in its contrast to the noise of a moment before, amidst the ascending incense of some ten scores of cigars and pipes, the first soft notes of the *Der Freyschütz* overture are heard—that overture which the *N. Y. Tribune* man has so often declared the most perfect piece of instrumental music—that's his opinion.

A waiter jars a coffee cup—"sh! sh! sh!" Yonder old lady whispered—"ss! ss! ss!"

There is a man on his way to find a seat; he gets his quietus pretty quick, and he, as well as those people just coming in, must wait until the music ceases. Thus after the few first measures, all is still as the grave; you feel perfectly at ease; you know that even those children will "do nothing to disturb the solemnity of the occasion,"

and that you may give loose to your feelings, may enjoy the music to your heart's content, with none to molest or make afraid. And then for a moment you think of a concert at home and shudder.

The Overture is followed by the Andante from the A major Symphony of Mendelssohn; this by the Farewell Symphony of Haydn; to which follows the Minuet and Trio of a favorite work of the same, not on the programme, and we have recess. Now for some fifteen minutes the waiters show an amount of activity, which puts to flight all preconceived notions of German slowness; friends get together and discuss the music and the topics of the day; young men and maidens go out and walk in the beautiful garden; and every body makes himself or herself perfectly at home, and enjoys himself to his heart's desire.

Well, it is time for Part II. Liebig sees that the audience is ready again for him, and at the tap of his baton silence instantly ensues. Now, we have Gluck's Overture to "Iphigenia"—I can only say, *mezzoso, pomposo, grandioso*. Mozart's Symphony in C, No. 6—not that with the fugue—finishes Part II., and another fifteen or twenty minutes of intermission follows. The concert began at 5 P. M., and the gas has long been lit—but nobody goes away. All wish to hear Part III.; it is but a single symphony; that however is Beethoven's *Eroica*! An orchestra not very large, it is true—some thirty to thirty-five perhaps—but so arranged as to bring all the strings out prominently and subdue the brass, attaining by this means a far better balance than I have heard in much larger orchestras, entering into the spirit of their author, playing from the love of it, to an audience, not a person in it inattentive, or, if so, having so much decency and politeness as not to disturb his neighbor, gives no chance for criticism. You forget everything else, orchestra, audience and all, wrapped in the delicious or mighty flow of the creations of the great spirits with whom you are communing. A feeling of brotherhood insensibly arises within you, which embraces all these sharers in the emotions with which your own breast swells, and at the close of each piece you exchange a look or word of approbation with the stranger upon your right or left, as if you had known him for years. Are you not both members of this family party?

And such was my experience this Saturday evening, September 9th, at the "*Letetes Sinfonie-Concert mit grossem Orchester von C. Liebig in der Sommer Saison.*"

Sept. 12.—Something new, even here in Berlin, is a regular quartet concert at five groschen (12½ cts.) entrance fee. The second of the series came off this afternoon, and most thoroughly was it enjoyed by the company present. Whether it will succeed remains to be proved, as it costs the entrance money of about seventy-five persons to pay the expenses. To-day there were hardly so many present. The undertakers of the concert, young men not yet widely known, trust to educate an audience up to their performances, as Liebig has for his symphonies. They play well enough to have their names recorded: J. Oerthing, son of Oerthing the well-known scientific instrument maker of this city, 1st violin; Rehbaum, 2nd violin; Wendt, viola, and C. Birnbach, violoncello. The name of the latter, Birnbach, is known already to a few in America, and they will be glad to learn that this young painter-musician has in so good a degree recovered his health as to engage in this enterprise. The performance to-day was, Quartet, Mozart, D major, No. 7; Do., Franz Schubert, A minor—beautiful and beautifully executed; Do., Beethoven, F major, Op. 18, No. 1.

There is something most delightful in these saloon concerts, to which in America we have nothing that can be compared. To see a whole family come in and take their tea at one of these tables instead of at home, and with all the same freedom. Mother and daughter sewing and knitting; neighbor Schulze's wife taking this occasion to call upon Frau Müller and discuss all sorts of domestic topics; Fraulein Meyer cosily chatting with Herr Bopp's blooming daughter; Herr Schmidt stepping in after his dinner to take a cup of coffee and smoke a cigar; and all these persons of various professions and occupations collecting to pass a leisure hour thus in music and chat instead of loafing in bar-rooms—to see all this, to look about and feel how at their ease are all present; to note the deep, intense

interest with which they follow every chord; to feel that they, as you yourself, are here out of true love for music alone, adds a charm, a delicious home feeling to these occasions, which thus far has not been met with among us. As to the performances, they have met with high praise in the leading journals of the city—and indeed justly, for they execute well, and their playing has that indescribable charm, which a real love for the works performed always imparts.

Sept. 13.—The people of Silesia have been inundated by powerful rains, and have suffered immense losses—estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars. The poorer classes suffer sadly; so this afternoon all that part of the "Thiergarten"—the public park of Berlin—which lies north of the Charlottenburg Avenue from the city wall to the bridge, a space I judge a mile and a half long and full half a mile wide, has been shut against ordinary travel. The Ministers sent twelve of the splendid regimental bands here in the city to disperse music at so many different points in the woods and open places, and charged a fee of some 12½ cents for crossing the line. Some five or six hundred police men were on the alert to keep order, and from one or two o'clock every avenue leading thither was crowded by the thousands who went out to add their mites to the charity fund, and eat, drink and be merry. I went too; and loafed about some three hours in the dark, shady woods, amusing myself with the crowds around the beer and other booths and stands, occasionally listening to the bands, or watching the miles and miles of carriages of all sorts which drove slowly along the chaussée and carriage-way which completely surrounds this part of the Thiergarten. I am no great lover of band music, but as here the proportion of wood was so great to the brass, and as the instruments of percussion were played and made a part of the music, (?) I must say that I listened with delight, after the horrors of brass and parchment with which I have been tortured for the last two or three years in New York.

Well, the programme stated that at a signal—three cannon shots—between six and seven, the whole affair was to close with the choral, *Ein fester Burg ist unsrer Gott!* This was to be played simultaneously by all the music corps; and, said Fancy, all the people are to join in and sing the grand old words of Luther. She went on to describe the effect of the mighty masses of sound from all these thousands upon thousands, of old and young, men and women, men of war and men of peace, rising from the open places, the broad avenues, the winding walks—how that with the Anthem the sounding aisles of the dim woods would ring, and the swelling tide of sound from forty thousand voices, would produce a sublimity of effect to which the thunders of Niagara would be as nothing. Evening came on apace, and as the time drew near, I passed into a thick place of the dense woods, where nothing should disturb or diminish the almost supernatural grandeur of the effect. Boom, boom, boom: the three cannon shots. No choral; but on looking at the programme I found that the same signal was two or three times repeated for different purposes. It grew dark, still I waited the cannon again; and there arose—a mighty silence. I left the woods—the people were dispersing—the musicians had long been gone—and that is all I heard of *Ein fester Burg*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 14, 1854.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—We have already informed our readers how the musical season, as it regards the two important and grander features, of Oratorio and Orchestra concerts, is already beginning to shape itself before us. Not less important to the real intimate enjoyment of the proper quintessence of musical Art, are those more quiet and select feasts of instrumental music, which go by the name of Chamber Concerts. Of these, too, there shall be no lack. Our advertising columns show what is already promised.

1. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who have kept the fountain running of Beethoven, and Mozart and Mendelssohn, for several years, within reach of "every one that thirsteth," are promptly in the field. (They are not dead, nor "late," as our bewitched types represented last week in our notice of the orchestra of which they are to form a component part. The worthy compositor had just set up the phrase "the late Germania Society" in the line above, and while preoccupied with that sad minor theme, no doubt, the types set off spontaneously in a fugue movement, echoing the theme mechanically, at the classical suggestion of the name of Quintette Club. This we take to be the metaphysical solution, this the *motive*, of so alarming an erratum. It speaks better for the musical sensibilities of Typo, than for the proof-reader's carefulness.)

The Club consists of the same members as last winter, with a single change. Mr. MEISEL takes the second violin, before held by Mr. RIHA. Mr. M. was a valuable member of the late Germania orchestra, who played in the front rank of the first violins, and who helped to complete a Quartet now and then in Otto Dresel's Soirées. The Quintette Club have never been too well remunerated for the important function they perform in the musical community; and while all the vulgar necessities of life are rising in price, it is but fair that choice musical opportunities, equally necessary to the initiated, should rise likewise.—They do well therefore to proportion their price of tickets to the select audience of which alone they can be sure; and the enhanced pleasure of hearing the music in the beautiful Chickering saloon more than offsets the slightly increased expense. Eight concerts will be given, commencing by the middle of November. Who will not be eager to renew acquaintance with those inspired works of the great tone-poets, which at best leave all too dim a light upon our years of frivolous or care-worn life gone by?

2. The piano-forte Trio (for piano, violin and cello,) such as Beethoven wrote, and Mendelssohn, is among the most satisfying of the forms of classical composition. A series of concerts with these for the main feature will need only to be well executed to make them highly welcome. Mr. GARTNER as a violinist, and Mr. HAUSE, as a pianist, are of well known ability. Mr. JUNGNICKEL, the violoncellist, formerly distinguished in one of the little German orchestras that came over here, and since resident in Portland, has during the summer shared with them the honors of some very successful Trio concerts in that city and in Bangor. The "down East" journals have been loud in their praises. They now announce four such concerts in this city, of music mostly classical, of which further particulars will soon appear.

3. To Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE's series, to be held in Chickering's room, we have before alluded. She also has respected the demand here for *good* music, and reserved the larger space in her programmes for the great masters.

4. OTTO DRESEL does not yet promise. But the memory of his most choice and inspiring little reunions is too deep and dear in the hearts of a circle of devoted listeners, not to compel him, since he is with us, to minister unto us as he was always wont to do. If he will not move first, his audience must.

Apropos to the above, we are reminded what

good things may be done and are done in the way of musical culture and enjoyment, by means of classical CONCERTS AT HOME. An example is now being set by a circle of the music-loving families in Cambridge, which is worth suggesting to those of the same taste elsewhere. A limited number of persons, say forty, just a convenient parlor audience, who know the worth of sympathetic silence, take tickets to a course of classical Soirées, held in rotation at the respective houses, and employ the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Why shall not this become a custom in all musical communities? a recognized and legitimate part of the professional occupation of musical artists or interpreters of the first rank? In this way can they do the best thing in their power, in this way keep upon their highest plane of Art, not condescending to vulgar clap-trap exhibition, and afford to have their sympathetic circles, in the want of which an artist loses tone and loses inspiration.

William Mason's Second Concert.

The Concert of Saturday evening, if not more successful, was more fortunate in some points than the first. The first wondering introduction was over, and the young artist now stood in a more easy and natural relation to his audience. There were almost as many people present as before. The programme was less interesting to the true music-lovers; but to the semi-musical, who went to a Boston boy's great piano-playing as to a nine days' wonder, it was more so. The night was one of the fairest of the harvest moon, after one of October's real golden days. The grand pianos, this time, (used by Mr. MASON and by Mr. THORUP in accompaniments,) were found perfectly in tune and stood so; and they both amply sustained the high name acquired by the makers, Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., to whom it was but simple justice that their instruments should have this fairer trial after the accident of Tuesday evening. The player was in excellent spirits, and rendered all his pieces in the most finished, telling and effective manner.

Considered as a concert of modern, brilliant, and for the most part, quite light music, which is just what it claimed to be, it was one of the finest of its kind. In such a concert the skill of the performer counts for more than the poetic contents of the pieces he performs; and this was probably just what the majority of that audience sought to witness; and in this were they most amply gratified, besides being flattered in their simple partialities for old hacknied patriotic melodies, which it was rare sport for them to recognize under the flashing, Protean and grotesque disguises with which modern virtuosity can clothe them, spirit them away and conjure them back, chop them into fragments and regalvanize them into their pristine integrity, set the head of one to waltzing away on the feet of another, and then marshal them all back, *pomposo, grandioso*, in due distinction and degree. Such was the musical confectionary (artistic in its kind as Paris bonbons) thrown in this time between such regular courses as Dreyschock and Willmers. The whole rather light fare; yet almost any of the pieces would have been pleasant enough by itself, and in its way, even to musicians; only when one has to travel that way a whole evening he is apt to find it leading—nowhere. Nevertheless let us do justice even to Dreyschock and Willmers, who

have their merits, if they are not Chopins and Beethovens. Mr. MASON's first selection was perhaps the most interesting piece that we have heard of Dreyschock's: *Zum Wintermärchen*, or winter's tale. (This piece has been published here by Dition.) It begins with a minor movement of a light, dancing, flickering character, rapid, difficult and delicate, which is very pleasing, and in which the fluency and evenness and cleanness of the pianist's execution, and the beauty of his touch, were all that one could ask. Then follows a singing melody, sweet, Bellini-like and feeble; and then the flickering light, (minor and sad withal with murmuring winds,) returns. At the close the player interpolated a *Rhapsodie* of the same author, in which he displayed immense strength of wrist in the perfectly even and firm execution of a long and very rapid passage of octaves for both hands; a piece in which there is more of *bravura* than of meaning. Applauded and recalled, he gave a fantasia on the "Last Rose of Summer," ornamenting and refining upon the melody, with a grace worthy of Herz.

In such a concert a brace of the pianist's own compositions were of course *obligato*. These were *Amitié pour Amitié*, quite a graceful little romance, with a pretty opening subject, worked up and illustrated in the modern fashion, and the brilliant bravura waltz, of which we have before spoken. Both pieces were received with favor. (Nathan Richardson has published them, in elegant style, at his Musical Exchange.)

Willmers appears to be a favorite author with our young pianist, as he was with Jaell. His *Sehnsucht am Meere* has in it more romance and poetry than most of his productions, and was very expressively rendered. We have also a sort of vague recollection that somewhere in the course of the evening Mr. MASON threw in that other sparkling little favorite by Willmers, which Jaell played so much, called *Mährchen*, if we mistake not. But we weary before long of Willmers, and doubt if the creative spark be in his works to make them become classical. Another of the bewildering finger games of Dreyschock followed as companion piece, namely his *Saltarello*; and then the applause waxed loud to the degree that Mr. MASON had to gratify certain importunate memories of an old trick of his boyhood, by reproducing a sort of grotesque impromptu he once made upon "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," which he played first separately and then as accompaniment to one another, with a touch of the fugue manner now and then for a few bars, and an allusion to "Jordan" and such vulgar predilections near the end. Clever and amusing, but not fit for the concert room. However artistically or learnedly (in the musician's sense) such subjects may be treated, the hacknied, vulgar associations that hang about them will always outweigh all the art and all the learning and all the freshness of new treatment, and so make it not an edifying thing to listen to them.

Music whose charm lies mainly in *association* is not the music for a feast of Art; and we much doubt whether by any transfiguration of Art it can be made so. Besides, one such departure is dangerous. The malady is *catching*. Witness what followed on this very occasion: the Brothers MOLLENHAUER, too, after tickling the same appetite with the "Carnival," must needs also answer an encore with "Yankee Doodle, keep it up, and Yankee Doodle dandy!"

Mr. Mason closed the evening with the strongest, most important and most difficult of his selections, namely the second of Liszt's "Illustrations" of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, that in which he takes the skating scene (*les Patineurs*) and the Scherzo for his subjects. We thought the performance very masterly, although it probably disappointed the lookers out for the overwhelming and gigantic grandeur of what they have heard called the "prodigious" school, as much as the first sight of Niagara disappoints your cockney traveller.

Having achieved two such successes in our city, to be repeated in New York and elsewhere, we trust that Mr. MASON will ere long return to the legitimate and high sphere of a piano-forte artist, and give some concerts in which the music interpreted shall be the thing *most* memorable.

New Music.

(From Meyer and Tretbar, Buffalo, N. Y.)

F. LISZT. *Scherzo und Marsch*, for the piano. (German edition of C. M. Meyer, Brunswick,) pp. 33.

Benediction et Serment, from the *Benvenuto Cellini* of H. BERLIOZ, transcribed for the Piano. pp. 11.

These are among the latest productions of Liszt; the "Scherzo and March" indeed among the very latest. And so far as difficulties and complications of fingering and tremendous energy of movement, and novelties of effect, demanding a Liszt for the rendering thereof, are concerned, it might perhaps pass for the latest development of what M. Scudo terms the "prodigious school" of pianism. So far as we can decipher its intentions with our very limited finger craft, it is one of the most bold, original, impassioned and truly imaginative creations of its author, full of fire and grandeur. Here and there in the rapid Scherzo we cannot but suspect an inspiration derived from the Ninth Symphony. The March (*allegro moderato*) is extremely solemn and imposing, and clothed with an orchestral breadth and pomp of harmony, the Scherzo returning in the midst of it as in the finale of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and the bass rolling in octave triplets with might and majesty at the conclusion. The ambitious pianist, if only as a matter of curiosity and study, will like to possess it; but few be they, we fancy, who will master and perform it.

With the two motives from *Benvenuto Cellini*, Liszt seems to have sought to suggest combined choral and orchestral effects through the medium of the piano. A portion of it is written out in four staves; but more for the sake of indicating that movements are to be kept distinct and marked, than for crowding together difficulties. It is interesting and effective, as Liszt's "transcriptions" always are.—(These pieces, like the following, from Meyer, of Brunswick, are in the most sumptuous style of German engraving, with ornamented titles which it is a luxury to look at.)

HENRI CRAMER. *Trois Morceaux Characteristiques*, for piano. Op. 99. No. 1. *Mazurka Villageoise*; No. 2. *Nocturne*; No. 3. *Marche Triomphale*. pp. 9 each. (Meyer's German edition.)

Fantaisies Dramatiques. Op. 103. No. 1. *Trio celebre de Lucrezir Borgia*. (Ditto.)

It is a comfort here to turn to something easier. There is a clearness, ease and roundness of style in the three *Morceaux*, which must make them popular. The *Mazurka* is pretty and naive and taking, the *Nocturne* gracefully conceived, and the March is bold and spirited, and not so common-

place as most new marches that are manufactured.

The Fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia* recalls the principal motives of the Trio scene with a good deal of tact, varying and expanding them, with progressive interest, into a symmetrical and pleasing whole; while, unlike the fantasias of Liszt and Thalberg, it is within the reach of moderate executive abilities.

I. MOSCHELES. Op. 123. *Magaren-Klänge*, original fantasie for the piano. pp. 15 (Meyer's German edition.)

From the title "original" fantasie we presume the subjects here are conceived in the manner of Hungarian national melodies, which always have a certain piquancy and peculiarity of accent and of cadence, which is sad and touching, whether they be tender or heroic, and extremely fascinating; and which, therefore, as Franz Schubert and Liszt also have shown, make admirable themes for such fantasias. The above is worthy of the genial fancy and masterly musicianship of Moscheles, and presents only moderate difficulties to a practiced player.

W. KRUGER. Op. 25. *La Harpe Eoliennne: Rêverie pour le piano*. (Meyer's German edition.)

The same piece noticed a few weeks since as reprinted by Nathan Richardson, in Boston.

H. LITOLFF. Op. 66. *Valse de Bravoure*. pp. 13. "Op. 81. *Spinnlied für das Pianoforte*. pp. 11.

The simple Waltz, in F, is one of uncommon beauty, and goes on, as is the wont of *walzes de bravoure*, lashing itself up to furor and fortissimo, with chromatic thirds and sixths in the treble and octaves in the bass.

The song of the Spinstress (*Spinnlied*) is a song for the piano, singing itself, after the manner introduced by Thalberg, for the most part in the middle or tenor region of the key-board, with the support of a plain bass below, and an incessant *pianissimo* flight of arpeggios in the aerial octaves by way of descriptive accompaniment above, like the soft gleam of the spokes of a swiftly revolving wheel. It requires the fleet-fingered certainty and delicacy of a Mason to convey the suggestion well. Schubert, in his song of Margaret at the Spinning-wheel, treats the subject with more poetic truth, by accompanying the voice part (soprano) with a monotonous humming figure, in a moderate movement, and below the voice. The melody in Litolff's piece is truly interesting and not commonplace, and the piece as a whole must be effective.

Both of the above have daintily illustrated title pages.

Musical Intelligence.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.—By the kindness of the Secretary we are furnished with the names of the members of the orchestra for the approaching season, as follows:

First Violins.—Messrs. F. Suck, A. Fries, F. Riha, H. Eckhardt, Wm. Schultz, Moisel, C. Gärtnér, A. Endres.

Second Violins.—C. Eichler, Hehl, I. P. Groves, O. Holloway,

A. W. Frenzel, Wm. Keyser, C. F. Bauer, Wm. Vanstane,

Violas.—C. Weinz, T. Ryan, Krebs, Zoehler, Schlimper, Comer.

Violoncellos.—W. Fries, J. Moorhouse, T. Massa, Suck Jr.

Contrabassos.—A. Stein, Fries, A. Kamerling, Steinmann.

Bassoon.—Thiede and Pearce.

Flutes.—A. Werner, J. Hammel, Brookway.

Clarinets.—Guenther and Flagg.

Oboes.—Ribes and Fanwasser.

Corn.—Rudolphsen, Kluge, H. Fries, Dorn.

Trumpets.—Ringbach and Pinter.

Trombones.—Heitze, Schnapp and Fredrick.

Tympani.—J. Gaffney.

The appointment of Conductor, or conductors

(two or more officiate alternately in the Philhar-

monic concerts in New York), rests with the orchestra and is not yet made.

MUSICAL LECTURE.—MR. WETHERBEE, whom many will remember as a singer of promise in the concerts of the old Boston Academy some twelve years ago, and who, after spending seven years in London, learning and teaching in his Art, has since held a high place in the musical profession in Cincinnati, announces an "Evening with the great Masters." He is to give us one of a course of lectures which were very popular in England. To-night he discourses of the vocal melody of Oratorio, interweaving anecdotes and criticisms of Stradella, Handel, Haydn, Paesiello, Rossini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., with vocal illustrations of such high order as may be read in his announcement. Mr. W. is said to be an excellent vocalist, and is a gentleman of pleasing address.

New York.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—According to the announcement, GRISI and MARIO have but *five more nights* to sing in New York. (Meanwhile the Boston Theatre has large paying audiences nightly for English plays, and no prospect dawns of seeing Grisi there.) All the New York papers chime in with the complaint of the *Tribune* about the bad seating of half the audience in the Academy in regard to seeing the stage; but it is agreed that its acoustic qualities are excellent, and the architectural feast for the eyes most sumptuous. The audiences have increased since the disappointment of the opening night, and at prices ranging from fifty cents to three dollars, have averaged recently from 2,000 to 2,500 persons. The pieces have been still always *Norma* and *Lucrezia* and *Puritani*. The honors have been shared by Mlle. DONOVAN, Sig. SUSINI and Sig. BERNARDI, a baritone who has taken the place of CUTURI. It is reported that BADIALLI is to join the troupe. Everybody is in raptures about the scene-painting of Allegri. The *Tribune* says:

This artist was a pupil of the great discoverer of the Daguerreotype—Daguerre—and through him learned atmospheric effects in tinting that render his landscapes delicious pieces of mimic nature; and his interior scenes, beside, are without equal in this country, for their architectural fidelity, their knowledge of proportion and perspective.

ENGLISH OPERA.—The Broadway Theatre last night had many auditors to hear the first performance of the new company in English opera—that is to say, in Italian opera with an English translation. For the occasion the orchestra was much increased and improved, and a good chorus provided. The opera—the *Sonnambula* of Bellini—being hackneyed, of course went smoothly. The star of the evening, Miss LOUISA PYNE, has been very little noticed beforehand in the papers, and the public were surprised and delighted at the exhibition of her powers. She has the freshness of youth, the impulse of health, and the exuberant feeling of one whose heart is in her business. Her likeness to Queen Victoria, as spoken of, appears a true bill. She does bear the semblance of English royalty at this instant. Her figure is round and petite—her face blooming, her action lively. Her voice is a complete, full soprano, rich and mellow in tone, and cultivated by Italian method. She executes well the brilliant portions of her part notwithstanding the wretched translation, which is equally devoid of verbal skill and musical economy. Her success, so far as we heard, was decided, and the so-called English opera in this country has assumed a new phase and life at her hands. Her sister, Miss PYNE, did the part of Lisa quite nicely. The tenor, Mr. W. HARRISON, has a good voice of uncertain intonation, and unequal quality. He takes his notes easily, however. His person is manly, and vastly in his favor. The baritone, Mr. BORRANI, is a fair vocalist, and is thoroughly used to the stage.—*N. Y. Tribune*, Oct. 10.

MENDELSSOHN UNION.—A new choral society, under this name, has been formed by Messrs. H. C. TIMM and others, to be confined to the performance of classical music.

MR. APTOMMAS gave a Harp Soirée last evening in Dodworth's Hall, assisted by Mme. WALLACE BOUCHELLE, and Messrs. TIMM and ALLAN DODWORTH.

Philadelphia.

The American Academy of Music has announced a premium of \$400 to be awarded to the architect who shall furnish the best and most approved design for an opera-house, 150 feet front by 238 feet deep, to seat 4000 persons; situation corner of Broad and Locust streets. Thus it will be observed our city is to have a first-class opera house, built upon the most liberal and extensive scale. The Harmonia Sacred Music Society gave a

concert on the 2d inst. The music was well received, being chiefly selections of choruses, accompanied by the large organ of Standridge, which for the present occupies a place in Concert Hall.—*Cor. New York Musical Review.*

Foreign.

MILAN.—On the 31st ult., another evening's performance was given at the Carcano, for the benefit of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who repeated, with the usual applause, the cavatina of *Arsace*. She also sang the rondo from *Cenerentola*, and executed the difficulties in an easy and graceful manner. Afterwards she gave the last scene of Vacca's *Giulietta e Romeo*, for which she was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. The prima donna Ansaldi, the tenore Petrovich, the buffo Lanari-Bellini, and the dastard Signor Callizie, were also well received.—*Cor. London Musical World.*

PARIS.—The Théâtre-Italien opens on the 3rd Oct., with *Otello*, Mad. Frezzolini and M. Bettini sustaining the two principal parts. The next opera produced will be *La Cenerentola* for the début of Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and also, for that of M. Gassier, in the character of Dandini. We are then promised *Ermanni*, with Mad. Bosio, and the first representation of Mercadante's *Leonora*, supported by Mad. Frezzolini, MM. Bettini, Napolitano-Rossi, Neri-Baraldi, and Ardavani.

Le Pré-aux-Clercs has been revived at the Opéra-Comique.

The Théâtre-Lyrique is announced to open on the 1st of October.

Advertisement.

An Evening with the Great Masters,
WILL BE GIVEN
AT THE MEIONAON,
THIS (Saturday) EVENING, OCT. 14th,
COMMENCING AT HALF PAST SEVEN.

MR. WETHERBEE, in illustration of his remarks, which will be chiefly biographical, historical and critical, will sing the following songs, accompanied on the Piano-forte by Mr. THORUP.

Aria di Chiesa.....	Stradella
Recitative and Air: "Behold, I tell you a mystery," Handel	
Sacred Song: "O Lord, have mercy," Pergolesi	
Reit: "And God said," Haydn	
Air: "Now heaven in fullest glory," Grand Scene: "The Fall of Zion," Paisiello	
Air: (Stabat Mater), Rossini	
Song: "Tears of Sorrow," (Crucifixion), Spohr	
Reit: Elijah, "O thou that wouldst end the heavens,"	
Air: The Angel, "O rest in the Lord," Mendelssohn	

Single Tickets 50 cents; Package of three, \$1: can be obtained at the usual places, and also at G. J. Webb & Co.'s Piano-Forte Warerooms, 3 Winter St.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.**The Mendelssohn Quintette Club,**

HAVE the honor of announcing to their friends and the public of Boston, that during this, their Sixth season, they will give a series of EIGHT CONCERTS, to take place at the Rooms of the Messrs. CHICKERING, Masonic Temple.

Owing to the limited number of seats, the price of tickets for the Series will be Five Dollars. Single admissions, One Dollar. They will be assisted by the best resident Artists, and no pains will be spared to render the Series worthy the patronage of the public. The Concerts will, as usual, take place on TUESDAY EVENINGS, once a fortnight. The first will be given about the middle of November. The Subscription Lists will be out in a few days.

Oct 14

GEMS FROM THE GREAT MASTERS.**BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.**

Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," Chopin's Waltzes, &c.

Dreyfuschock—Exercises and Scales. \$1.00
La Coupe, Chanson a Boire. 25
Zum Wintermarchen, Rhapsodie. 50

Heller—Six Lieder de Schubert, vis.: No. 1, La Serenade. 25
No. 2, La Cloche des Agonisants. 25
No. 3, Le Voyageur (Wanderer). 25
No. 4, La Barcarolle. 25
No. 5, Plaints de la Jeune Fille. 25
No. 6, Sois Toujours mes Amours. 25

Prudent—Lucia di Lammermoor, Fantasia. 1.00
Lucrezia Borgia, Nocturne. 25

Published by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

MR. AUGUST FRIES.

Respectfully informs his friends and former pupils, that he again is prepared to receive

ADVANCED PIANISTS AS PUPILS, to accompany them with the Violin in SONATAS, DUO CONCERTANTE, SOLOS, &c. Applications sent to 17 Franklin Place, will be promptly attended to.

Oct 14 3m

Boston Musical Fund Society.

THE Government of this Society beg to announce its Seventh Series of Concerts, commencing [about] the middle of November, to be continued once a fortnight, as nearly as practicable. The series for the ensuing season will consist of eight Concerts. The subscription price for the series is fixed at \$3.50. The Orchestra, about fifty in number, has been carefully reorganized, and now numbers besides the members of the Musical Fund Society, many of the former members of the Germania Musical Society, and other resident musicians who have lately settled in Boston. The Government will endeavor to render these Concerts as far as possible worthy of the standard of excellence now demanded, and expected to be acted up to, by any Society desirous of securing and enjoying the patronage of the Boston public.

GOVERNMENT.—C. C. Perkins, President; C. F. Chickering, Vice President; L. Rimbach, Secretary; B. A. Burritt, Treasurer; H. Fries, Librarian; G. Endres, Auditor; J. Moorhouse, F. Fries, Associate.—T. E. Chickering, Geo. T. Bigelow, J. P. Fries, S. E. Guild, J. Bigelow, Trustees.

Subscription lists are now ready, and may be found at the principal Music stores. L. RIMBACH, SECRETARY.
Boston, Oct. 1854.

MR. OTTO DRESEL

HAS returned to Boston, and is prepared to receive pupils on the PIANO-FORTE.

Address for the present, at this office, or at N. Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington St.

CLASSICAL TRIO CONCERTS.

THE subscribers propose to give FOUR MUSICAL SOIRES IN the Melonion (Tremont Temple). The programmes will consist of Classical Trios, Quartets, Solos, &c., for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Further particulars hereafter.

CARL GARTNER, VIOLIN.
CARL HAUSE, PIANO-FORTE.
HENRI JUNGNICKEL, VIOLONCELLO.

Oct 14
**CARL GARTNER,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**
May be found at Richardson's Musical Exchange, every forenoon between 9 and 10.

LESSONS ON THE VIOLONCELLO.
HENRI JUNGNICKEL
Will receive pupils on the Violoncello. Address Carl Gartner
Oct 14 as above.

MR. GUSTAV KREBS,
MEMBER OF THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB,
Begs leave to inform the public that he is prepared to give instruction on the FLUTE, VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Applications made at No. 17 Franklin Place will receive prompt attention. Oc 17

MRS. JOSEPH HARRINGTON, JR.,
Announces to her friends and the public that she will give instruction on the PIANO, and in Italian and Ballad SINGING, at her residence, **Norfolk House, Roxbury**, or at the residence of pupils.

REFERENCES.
Rev. Dr. Putnam, Rev. F. D. Huntington, Mr. Adolph Baumbach, William Whiting, Esq., Mr. Charles Hickling, Dr. H. Bartlett, Roxbury.

Oc 14 1m

YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL MUSIC SCHOOL.

Rooms in connection with Mr. E. A. Beaman's Young Ladies' School, No. 23 Temple Place.

E. R. BLANCHARD, Teacher.
Also, Teacher of Music in Mr. Adams's Young Ladies' School, Central Place.

RESIDENCE, 24 WEST CEDAR STREET, BOSTON.
This School is designed for all who wish to acquire the ability to read music readily at sight, and is particularly adapted to the wants of those who desire to fit themselves to receive instruction, from the best masters, in the Cultivation of the Voice, Style, &c. Commencing with FIRST PRINCIPLES and proceeding upwards, by regular and successive steps, the students will acquire so thorough and practical a knowledge of the ELEMENTS of Vocal Music as will enable them to read even the more difficult CLASSICAL COMPOSITIONS with ease and fluency.

For terms, and other particulars, see Circular, which may be had at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. G. J. Webb & Co., No. 3 Winter street, where, also, Mr. Blanchard may be found between the hours of 2 and 3, P. M.

N. B. Mr. Blanchard will be happy to give instruction in schools and academies, if situated in the immediate vicinity.

Having examined the plan of instruction adopted in the Young Ladies' Vocal Music School, we most cheerfully say that it meets our unqualified approbation.

From the success which has heretofore attended the instructions of Mr. Blanchard we feel assured that his school will merit the fullest confidence of the public.

**LOWELL MASON, GEO. J. WEBB, F. F. MULLER,
GEO. F. ROOT, B. F. BAKER.**

Sept 30

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce that he has commenced Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies in SOLFEGGIO, at the Rooms of the Messrs. CHICKERING, on Mondays and Thursdays.

For the convenience of those attending schools, the afternoon classes from 4 to 5.

Terms, twelve dollars for twenty-four lessons.

Signor Corelli has removed to No. 47 Hancock Street, where henceforth he may be addressed; or at the Tremont House, or at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms.

Sept 9

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

Begs leave to announce that she has returned from the country, and is now prepared to resume

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

Mlle. G. D. may be addressed at

Sept 16 3m 55 HANCOCK STREET.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

CARL ZERRAHN, of the late Germania Musical Society, begs leave to acquaint his friends and the musical public of Boston, that he will in future devote his attention to giving instruction on the FLUTE and PIANO-FORTE, and hopes to receive the liberal patronage of the musical community.

Carl Zerrahn would also inform those amateurs who are sufficiently advanced in classical music, that he has a number of the finest SONATAS, of the great masters, expressly composed for Piano and Flute, which he will be pleased to perform with those desiring to perfect themselves in this class of beautiful and instructive music.

Carl Zerrahn may be addressed at the Winthrop House, or at the music stores of G. P. Reed & Co., E. H. Wade, and N. Richardson.

Sept 16 St

ANDREAS T. THORUP,**TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**

Residence, 84 Pinckney Street.

Sept 16

MISS FANNY FRAZER,

Has the pleasure to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the city, and will be prepared to resume instruction in SINGING and the PIANO-FORTE, on and after October 1st. Communications may be left with Messrs. G. P. Reed & Co. or at her residence, "Pavilion," Tremont Street.

Sept 16

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; Organist and Pianist of the Handel & Haydn Society, Musical Education Society, &c. &c.

Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

3m

INSTRUCTION IN SINGING.

SIGNOR C. CHIANEI respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to give lessons to single pupils, or if desirable, to two, three, and four pupils together, of either sex, for the purpose of singing Duettos, Tertettes and Quartettes. Application may be made by letter at No. 47 Hancock street, and at Richardson's Musical Exchange; or, on and after the 16th Inst., Sig. Chianei may be seen at Sig. Papant's, No. 21 Tremont Row, every day [except Wednesday and Saturday] from 1 to 2 o'clock, P. M., where he gives lessons. O 7 tf

INSTRUCTION IN ITALIAN.

MR. LUIGI MONTI, Instructor in Italian at Harvard University, will give private lessons in the city.

Address at the Winthrop House.

Oct 7 3m

WILLIAM BERGER,**Publisher and Importer of Music,**

No. 82 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

KEEPS constantly on hand a Large and Select Stock of IMPORTED MUSIC, for sale at Eastern prices. New Music received by Steamer as soon as published. A liberal discount granted to Teachers. All orders promptly attended to. Music arranged to order.

A Catalogue is in preparation.

Aug 26

MR. THOMAS RYAN

Begs leave to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and is prepared to give instruction on the PIANO, FLUTE, CLARINET, VIOLIN, and also in THOROUGH BASS. Applications may be made at his residence, No. 19 Franklin Street, or at Richardson's music store.

Sept 16

WILLIAM SCHULTZE,

Of the late GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, proposes to remain in Boston, and to give instruction on the VIOLIN, the PIANO-FORTE, and in the THEORY OF MUSIC.

Address No. 45 Harrison Avenue, or at any of the music stores.

Sept 16

Instruction on the Piano-forte and in Singing.

MR. ADOLPH KIELBLOCK respectfully gives notice to his pupils and the public that he has returned to the city, and resumed his lessons on the Pianoforte and in Singing, and may be addressed at his residence, 30 Ash street, or at the Music Stores of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, Geo. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont street, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington street.

REFERENCES.—Lyman Nichols, Esq., 10 Joy Street, Boston.

John Bigelow, " 42 Blossom St.

Oliver Ditson, " "

George P. Reed, " "

N. Richardson, " "

Hon. T. D. Elliot, New Bedford.

Rev. John Weiss, " "

Joseph Ricketson, Esq., "

Sept 30

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of Musical Science.**

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PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON.**

July 29

SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI, Professor of Music, from Naples, proposes to teach SINGING and the PIANO during the coming winter, in Boston, both by private and class lessons. The latter will be given to CHORAL CLASSES, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for which purpose the Messrs. Chickering have kindly offered the use of their Rooms, in order to afford to as many as possible the advantages of a system of public musical instruction that has been attended with great success in Europe.

Applications to be made to Sig. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, at the Winthrop House, or to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, to whom, as well as to the following gentlemen, he is politely permitted to refer.

REFERENCES.

Rev. Sam'l K. Lothrop, Samuel G. Ward, Esq.
Arthur L. Payson, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq.
Sept 9

MR. J. C. D. PARKER,
BEGS to announce that he is prepared to commence instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, Harmony and Counterpoint, and will be happy to receive applications at No. 3 Hayward Place, on and after Oct. 1st.
Sept 28

tf.

**E. R. BLANCHARD,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND SINGING.**
Residence, 24 West Cedar Street.
Reference, Geo. J. Webb, Esq. May 20.

**L. H. SOUTHARD,
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Apr 29

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Sept 2

3m

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INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE,
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Nov. 12.

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Aug 12 3m

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References.
Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, BOSTON.
MESSRS. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SIBLEY, SALEM.

**CARL HAUSE,
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OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 232 Washington St. or G. P. REED & CO. 13 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES.—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place. Feb. 18.

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**MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,
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MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANPOSED, &c. Boston, April 23. 3m

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